## THE SALT LAKE HERALD.

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### Modern Rural Sports

# THE GENTLE GRAFTER

BY O. HENRY. (Copyright, 1907, by S. S. McClure Co.)

are running after their old populistic idols again."

for farmers, shad, maple trees and the Connemaugh river. I know something about farmers. I thought I struck one Andy Tucker proved to me I was mis- houses. taken. 'Once a farmer, always a sucker,' said Andy, 'He's the man that's the landlord. shoved into the front row among bul-

we would do without him.' "One morning me and Andy wakes a yellow pine hotel on the edge of scope of the rural potentate, the pre-digested hoe-cake belt of southfor she went through the village so hands to kill a grizzly.' fast that what looked like a saloon to "'All right,' says Andy. 'I like to "I had a kind of cerebral sensation two blocks apart. Why we got off at the first station we could, belongs to a little oroide gold watch and Alasto a little oroide gold watch and Alasto a little oroide gold watch and Alasto a little oroide gold watch and Alas-

go out and get what's coming to us size goldbrick; and afrom a farmer; and then yolcks! and "'That'll be enough,' says Andy.

Jeff Peters must be reminded. When-ever he is called upon, pointedly, for a story he will maintain that his life what he had, give him back his keys, whetstone and papers that was of no value except to the owner, and stroll captured out of a Red Cross ambuhas been devoid of incident as the away without asking questions. Farm- lance. longest of Trollope's novels. But, lured, ers are not fair game to men as high "So, I goes to a livery stable and he will divulge. Therefore I cast many up in our business as me and Andy hires a buggy on my looks. I drove and divers flies upon the current of his was; but there was times when we out to the Plunkett farm and hitched! thoughts before I feel a nibble. found 'em usful, just as Wall street There was a man sitting on the front thoughts before I feel a nibble.

"I notice," said I, "that the western does the secretary of the treasury now farmers, in spite of their prosperity, and then.

There was a man sitting on the front steps of the house. He had on a white flannel suit, diamond ring, golf cap

"When we went down stairs we saw and a pink ascot tie. 'Summer boardlols again."

we was in the midst of the finest farm- er, says I to myself.

"It's the running season," said Jeff, ing section we ever see. About two "'I'd like to see Farmer Ezra Plunmiles away on a hill was a big white kett,' says I to him. house in a grove surrounded by a widespread agricultural agglomeration of to be on your mind?" onee that had got out of the rut; but fields and barns and pastures and out- "I never answered a word. I stood

lets, ballots and the ballet. He's the the arboreal, terrestrial and horticultu- pocket for buncoing the pushed-back funny-bone and the gristle of the coun- ral accessories of Farmer Ezra Plun- brows seemed as hopeless as trying to

try,' said Andy, 'and I don't know who kett, one of our country's most pro- shake down the beef trust with a mittigressive citizens." "After breakfast me and Andy, with

ern Indiana. How we got off the train us against one farmer would look as interested in the bricks than I am in there the night before I can't tell you; one-sided as Roosevelt using both the trick sixty-day notes, and the lost

us through the car window turned out be a true sport even when I'm only of foolishness in my ideas of ratiocinato be a drug store and a water tank collecting rebates from the rutabaga tion; but I pulled out the little brick

crowing, and smelt something like the income tax receipts; and the recipe for that, says I, dignified. I put it back in fumes of nitro-muriatic acid, and heard something heavy fall on the floor below us, and a man swearing.

"'Cheer up, Andy,' says I. 'We're in which afterwards turn out to be Mc
"'Cheer up, Andy,' says I. 'We're in which afterwards turn out to be Mc
"'Cheer up, Andy,' says I. 'We're in which afterwards turn out to be Mc
"'I got a \$5,000 one last week for a rural community, Somebody has just Cormick reapers; and the pearl neck-tested a gold brick downstairs. We'll lace found on the train; and a pocket- "Just then the telephone bell rings

'Any one of the lot ought to land on and look at my place. It's kind of Away.'

Farmers was always a kind of a Ezra. And, say, Jeff, make that suc- lonesome here reserve fund for me. Whenever I was cotash fancier give you nice, clean, that's New York calling.' in hard luck I'd go to the crossroads, new bills. It's a disgrace to our dehook a finger in a farmer's suspender, partment of agriculture, civil service like a Broadway stockbroker's-lightrecite the prospectus of my swindle in and pure food law the kind of stuff oak desks, two 'phones, Spanish leather

"'You see him,' says he. 'What seems

still, repeating to myself the rollicking "'Whose house is that?' we asked lines of the merry jingle, 'The Man with the Hoe.' When I looked at this " 'That,' says he, 'is the domicile and farmer, the little devices I had in my mus and a parlor rifle.

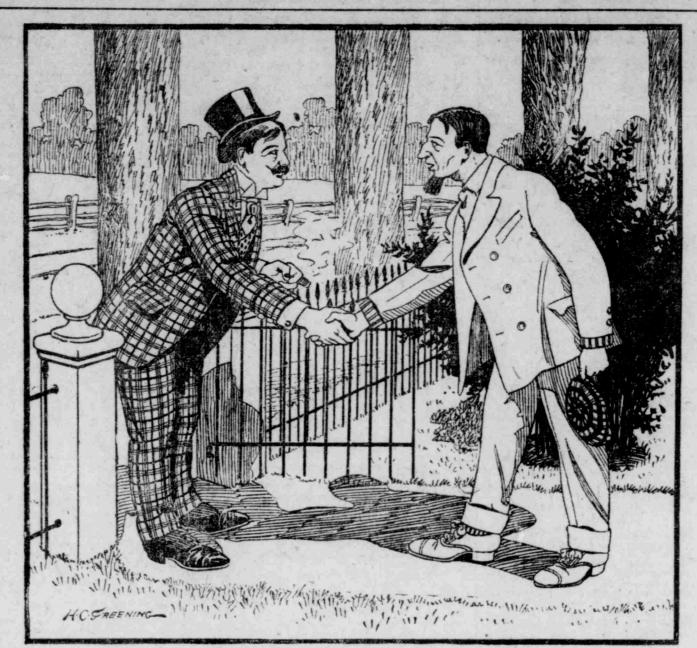
"'Well,' says he, looking at me close up with sixty-eight cents between us eight cents capital left, casts the horo- 'speak up. I see the left pocket of cope of the rural potentate, your coat sags a good deal. Out with "'Let me go alone,' says I, Two of the goldbrick first. I'm rather more silver mine story.

ka diamond deal we failed to pull off the day before, over the Kentucky line.

"When I woke up I heard roosters reckon I'll take along some of the new "The lead in it is worth more than

in the house.

"'Come in, Bunk,' says the farmer, "We went inside. The room looked



### "GOD BLESS YOU"

er. 'Is that the Regent theatre? Yes; we keep up with the day's doings.' this is Plunkett, of Woodbine Center. Reserve four orchestra seats for Fri- with two things for your ears like the

day-goodbye.' weeks to see a show,' says the farmer, and other political casualties. hanging up the receiver. 'I catch the eighteen-hour flyer at Indianapolis, is a synopsis of today's news in the "Eight association, zines. don't you think so, Mr. Bunk?"

which, heretofore, I have reposed con- and so forth.

"'Hello, hello!' says he. 'Oh, that's ticker tape.

was too much for that horse. Have you says he. 'Oh, very well.' can hear nim. Keep on-faster yet, not to waste your time.'

" That'll do. Now lead him up to "After a while be says: 'Bunk, if only a farmer and not an agriculturist.

had a hair cut? You belong in a by- it may be.'

"'Hello, hello!' says this funny farm- you bet. Now, look here, and see how

"He shows me a machine on a table and listens. A female voice starts up I "I run over to New York every two reading headlines of murders, accidents

some for the annual meeting of the vance sheets of the monthly maga-

"I picks up one sheet and sees that of hiatus in the agrarian traditions in In July, 1909, the Century will say'-

"The farmer rings up somebody-his coives the eye. "Sure, Bunk, says he. The yellow manager, I reckon—and tells him to let primrose on the river's brim is getting that herd of fifteen Jerseys go at \$600 I see the sweat coming out on his foreto look to us Reubs like a holiday edi- a head; and to sow the 900-acre field in head. He goes over and closes the front tion de luxe of the Language of Flow- wheat; and to have 200 extra cans door and watches me some more. Diers with deckle edges and frontis- ready at the station for the milk trolley rectly he says: "I'll bet you twenty I car. Then he passes the Henry Clays can pick the shell the ball's under "Just then the telephone cails him and sets out a bottle of green char- now."

got him there? Good. Let me see him. "'Ever monkey with copper?' I asks. t Keep the receiver down. Now make "'Stand back!' says he, raising his

the 'phone. Closer. Get his nose near- you don't mind my telling you, your God bless you. er the transmitter. There. Now wait, company begins to cloy slightly. I've Here Jeff Peters ceased, and I in-No: I don't want that horse, got to write an article on the Chimera ferred that his story was done. What? No: not at any price. He in- of Communism for a magazine, and atterferes; and he's windbroken. Good- tend a meeting of the Race Track association this afternoon. Of course, you that. You let the farmers go ahead "'Now, Bunk,' says the farmer, 'do understand by now that you can't get and amuse themselves with politics, you begin to realize that agriculture has my proxy for your remedy, whatever Farming's a lonesome life; and they've

"Well, sir, all I could think of to do was to go out and get in the buggy. The horse turned round, and took me back to the hotel. I hitched him and went in to see Andy. In his room I told him about this farmer, word for word; and I sat picking at the table cover like one bereft of conscientiousness.
"'I don't understand it,' says I, hum-

ming a sad and foolish little song to cover my humiliation. "Andy walks up and down the room

for a long time, biting the left end of his mustache as he does when in the act of thinking.

' 'Jeff.' says he, finally, 'I believe your story of this expurgated rustic; but I am not convinced. It looks incredulous to me that he could have inoculated himself against all the preordained systems of bucolic bunco. Now, you never regarded me as a man of special religious proclivities, did you, Jeff?' says Andy.

"'Well,' says I, 'No. But,' says I, not to wound his feelings, 'I have also observed many church members whose said proclivities were not so outwardly developed that they would show on a white handkerchief if you rubbed 'em

"'I have always been a deep student of nature from creation down,' says Andy, 'and I believe in an ultimatum design of Providence. Farmers was made for a purpose; and that was to furnish a livelihood to men like me and you. Else why was we given brains? It is my belief that the manna that the Israelites lived on for forty years in the wilderness was only a figurative word for farmers; and they keep up the practice to this day. And now,' says Andy, 'I am going to test my theory, "Once a farmer, always a come-on," in spite of the veneering and the orifices that a spurious civilization has brought to him.'

''You'll fail,' same as I did,' says I. 'This one's shook off the shackles of the sheep-fold. He's entrenched behind the advantages of electricity, education, literature and intelligence.

"'Tll try,' says Andy, 'There are certain Laws of Nature that Free Rural Delivery can't overcome.'

"Andy fumbles around awhile in the closet and comes out dressed in a suit upholstered chairs and couches, oil gone era. Why, Tom Lawson himself with brown and yellow checks as big as paintings in gilt frames a foot deep and knows better than to try to eatch an your hand. His vest is red with blue a ticker hitting off the news in one up-to-date agriculturalist napping. It's dots, and he wears a high silk hat. I Saturday, the Fourteenth, on the farm, noticed he'd soaked his sandy mustache in a kind of blue ink.

'Great Barnums,' says I, 'You're a ringer for a circus thimblerig man.' 'Right,' says Andy. 'Is the buggy' day evening-my usual ones. Yes; Fri- penny-in-the-slot affairs. I puts it on outside? Wait here till I come back. I won't be long.'

"Two hours afterward Andy steps in the room and lays a wad of money on

"'Eight hundred and sixty dollars.' spend ten hours in the heyday of night on the Yappian way, and get home in Francisco papers. It is wired in to our He looked me over and began to guy time to see the chickens go to roost for-ty-eight hours later. Oh, the pristine Hubbard squasherino of the cave-dwelling period is getting geared up

"'Step up, lively, gentlemen,' says and watch the little ball. It costs you "'I seem to perceive,' says I, 'a kind it's headed: 'Special Advance Proofs, nothing to look. There you see it, and there you don't. Guess where the little joker is. The quickness of the hand de-

"'I steals a look at the farmer man.

treuse, and goes over and looks at the "'After that,' goes on Andy, 'there was nothing new to relate. He only had Perkins, at Milidale. I told you \$800 "'Consolidated Gas up two points,' \$860 in cash in the house. When I left "'Ever monkey with copper?" I asks. tears in his eyes when he shook hands, "'Bunk,' says he, 'thank you for the him trot in a circle. Faster. Yes, I hand, 'or I'll call the dog. I told you only real pleasure I've had in years. It brings up happy old days when I was

"Then you think"-I began.
"Yes," says Jeff. "Someth been against the shell game before,

# HC SMEENING-

"AGRICULTURE HAS HADA HAIR CUT"

# Mr. Dooley on What to Do With Roosevelt By F. P. Dunne

Tiddy Rosenfelt has been turned down crool, vicious anymile, The Boy,'

tleman approachin' fifty, sound in all colledge give Tiddy Rosenfelt to th' tin' too tough f'r me. Th' place needs Hinnissy; but what kind iv a figure prisidint. particklars, was desirous iv obtainin' nation an' ought to take him back, a sthronger hand. f'r th' job? I think not. It is perfectly afther he made his announcement, old man is up in th' clouds, an' thin sud- Wash'nton an' his example.

Iv Harvard who has iver been brought inwardness iv that old Apache feelin'. sthrong. Th' White House is a gr-reat but our ex-prisidints. They threaten fair.

Address T. R., Wash., D. C.' I sup- there. There's a diff'rence. Th' Apaches ex-prisidints. To stop bein' prisidint to Tiddy Rosenfelt. He can't have it. brought back to earth. I raymimber 'What a bum cook.' waultin' ambition. Speakin' as th' on'y that Misther Rosenfelt wud sooner be he comes. 'Oh, look at him.' He's iv whin I've read through all th' ad- me. But whin it comes to dalin' with chamber iv commerce iv th' Disthrict a tack in it." survivin' member in Danvers iv th' chief iv th' Apaches thin prisidint iv gettin' nearer an' nearer. We can see vertisements in th' pa-apers, wound me two or three old gintlemen out iv a iv Columbus, th' waiters' union, an' th' waiters' union, an' th' -ruff-ruff-Havud!-Good gracious, I alarum, which are two things we don't lafther all. Is that th' face we thought waitin' fr some thriffin' amusement nawthin'. That's what I'll do. Anny American citizen with a plug hat an' a "Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if I wanted have swallowed me teeth-no, it's all want to be filled with. Agency beef, so sthrong? Well, well! His clothes like a visit fr'm you. There's nawthin' man that gets to be prisidint iv th' Prince Albert coat, an' that's all he is. something right-I wish to say, I'm again him, I dead horse, dogs, an' snakes ar re good don't fit him. His necktie ain't on else to think iv, an' I think about that. United States don't need to have anny Near ivrywan calls him be his first that wud keep me busy an' take up all stand committed to ayether Profissor atin', but chagrin an' alarum ar-re bad straight. He's very fat. Hear him But if ye think much about annything, conservator appinted f'r him. Ye bet name. He climbs up on th' grand- me time to th' end iv me days, I'd H. Jiggs, th' well known botanist, or f'r th' digestion. I say now we won't talk. He talks th' same foolish way no matther how thriffin' it may be, it he don't. A man with that much luck sthand, me frind Melville Fuller, 'that thry to be prisidint again." J. Q. Pillscory, th' prom'nent banker have him. He's too active a man f'r we do. His voice squeaks. 'Twas th' gets to be as big as a lone house paint- cud make a comfortable livin' takin' used to have an office in Dearborn iv Boston. We must have no prisidint us. He doesn't undherstand th' thrue prisidincy that made it seem so ed red. I begin to think iv nawthin' chances on soft pillows at a church sthreet befure he abandoned th' law, (Copyright, 1907, by H. H. McClure &

says a fuw wurruds to him, an' sudden-

"I see," said Mr. Dooley, "our frind in contact with that coorse, predytory, I have been in communication with our soundin' boord. In a week's time he's th' land. They obscure th' sun. They're what we'll ly he's as much changed as if he'd frinds at Cambridge, an' I have pro- wan iv us, no more, no less. Polismen divastatin' our crops. I'm no sooner do with our ex-prisidints is on'y im- been born again. In about two minn-"Whiln this sayin' was raypoorted to posed a joint comity iv definse com- move him on if he stands on th' cor- settled down to sleep thin an ex-prisi- portant to th' prisidints thimsilves, yits he gets a boost th' like iv which Tiddy Rosenfelt, he give a light laugh posed iv th' followin': F'r th' Apaches ner too long. He has got to do some- dint is knockin' at th' dure seekin' shel- We'll say to thim: 'Ye've often told us was niver known. A king is always that blew down gr-reat trees an' -Gila - Monsther - with - th'-Plug-Hat, thin' to make a livin'. He takes up ter. I must get up an' give him me we were th' most enlightened, th' goin' to be a king. But no wan is iver wrecked a number iv small craft on th' Old - Man-Catch-a-Cold, Poke-in - th'- bankin'. A few weeks ago he cud've bed an' go to sleep on th' flure. Th' freest, th' kindest, an' best people in th' goin' to be prisidint till about 12 Pottymack, an' says he: 'Pooh! I've Lamps, an' Mud-Horse-Charley-Who- closed anny bank in th' country, an' ex-prisidints will eat us out iv house wurruld. Well, we're goin' to do some- o'clock noon on th' foorth iv March, an' "It appears so," said Mr. Dooley, as much thought ly bein' a crief iv th' Eats-Rattlesnakes - Head - Downward; now he can't keep a bank iv his own an' home. They'll increase so that in thin' fine f'r ye. We're goin' to make in a minnyit afther he's not a king, f'r Harvard-Prisidint Eliot, Profissors open. He thries to practice law, an' a la few years respectable people will ye wan iv us. Last week ye were our but an ace. He's th' whole thing. He an application with a sample iv his "Whin th' Apaches heerd what th' Hill, James an' Sandyana. With this judge that wanst come into his office have no say in th' government iv th' servant. Ye said so, though ye often sweeps th' boords. He may be a little penmanship an' sthrong riccominda- prisidint said they were much dis- sthrong body iv intellectool leaders we on his stummick now gives a hearty country. They'll be formin' unions an' come out an' batted us over th' head scared at first, but there are plenty to tions fr'm Taft, Foraker, Fairbanks an' turbed. They say they ar-re an active feel that we can defind our cherished smile at his argymints. There's nawth- leagues; they'll tyran- with a potato masher. Ye were our tell him that annything he does is all Bryan, f'r an aged scholar livin' in people, but it's wan thing to be out all institutions an' repel th' outraygeous in' he can do as well as somebody else. nize over us; we won't be able to say servant, but we're goin' to promote ye. right. "What kind iv blooin' is it that Matsachoosetts has reluctantly con- day scalpin' their neighbors an' it's attimpt to make us wurruk overtime. Our old frind Rutherford B. Hayes was our souls ar-re our own. On th' other We're goin' to make ye an equal | ye put into th' sea to make it so blue, sinted to have himsilf intherviewed on another thing to have to put in twinty- "An' there ye ar-re. I don't know a good prisidint?" "Tis a fine moon th' subjick. He is an overseer or un- four hours on th' job. Even an Apache where Tiddy Rosenfelt will happen? They'll have to take en. There's a new cook in there now, ye've ordhered out tonight.' His story dhertaker, as ye might put it, iv that requires a certain amount iv sleep. 'tis in th' middle west, where we're a my, but as a raiser iv chickens there to ignoble pursoets; ex-prisidints will I can hear him throwin' ye're soup is th' best story iver told; th' foorthproud cimitary iv meditation, as Ho- They say that if Tiddy Rosenfelt car- kind iv a cross between Harvard an' wasn't an' old lady with four cochin be panhandlin' on th' sthreet corners; stock out iv th' window an' sayin' that class postoffices rock with laughter at gan says, an' he speaks as follows: 'I ries out his threat they'll put on their Apache. He's welcome. We'll push chinys in Ohio that didn't look down on they'll be grindin' hand-organs; they'll ye've injured th' stove beyond repair. his jokes, A gin'ral in th' army steals have heard it bruted in th' public pants an' come into town. There's a over an' make room f'r him. We'll find him, It makes a lot iv diff rence in the crowd th' thrades an' profissyons; Take that big aisy chair near th' fire, th' fountain pen that he signed th' bill prints that an ad has appeared in th' good deal iv feelin' on th' subjick, Th' a job f'r him. Be hivins, he can have game whether ye're dealin' or bettin', they'll desthroy th' dignity iv th' office fall to with knife an' fork, an' thank f'r dhredgin' Akefinakee creek with. personal column, suggistin' that a gin- Apaches say with truth that Harvard mine. This here neighborhood is get- I'm a lofty an' imposin' man to ye, so that no wan'll iver again thry to be th' Lord ye don't have to ate ye'er own Two millyon childher are named afther cookin'.' An' th' ex-prisidint squares him. It isn't sthrange that befure he's wud I cut on ye'er side iv th' bar? No, "'Tis a fearful prospect, but on'y f'r away an' puts in th' rest iv his life long in th' office he begins to wondher a position as prisidint iv a univarsity Harvard colledge says Tiddy Rosenfelt "Tis a gr-reat question always with sir, I take back what I said about giv- awhile. An' thin I wake up. Ye poke critisizin' th' manners iv th' fam'ly if he goes out something won't crack. situated in some town near Boston, didn't come fr'm there, he wint fr'm us, what're we going to do with our in' up me job as prisidint iv this bar ye'er cherry face into th' dure an' I'm an' mutterin' between his teeth, 'Tis th' gr-reatest thing in th' histhry pose he means Harvard. It is a very say he's a Harvard man, an' th' Har- is like jumpin' out av a balloon without I'm a candydate f'r relliction fr th' that in me lifetime there have niver "But it must be a har-rd job to let this job shud be willin' to dhrop down laudanum ambition, but is he qualified vard men say he's an Apache. Th' day a parachute. F'r four or eight years a tenth term, an' th' divvle take George been more thin two or three ex-prisi- go iv. It's a sthrange thing, th' diff'- to th' sthreet level, where's he's li'ble dints alive at wan time. That makes rence between th' man without a job to be run over be a dhray if he isn't machral that a man who has held th' Chief Afraid-iv-Tomerrow was inther- denly he is rayquisted to step out into was inther- denly he is rayquisted to step out into was inther- denly he is rayquisted to step out into was inther- denly he is rayquisted to step out into was inthercomparatively innocint place iv prisi- viewed be a rayporther iv Th' Tomb- th' cold March air an' rejoin th' boys we'll do with our ex-prisidints? says ye. I don't know what citizen in a Prince Albert coat an' a was willin'. I suppose ther're helped dint iv th' United States shud want stone Epitaph-an' a good papaer it is, that have been lookin' up at him. If ain't ra-aly much iv a question afther to do with th' Eyetalians, th' Huns, or plug hat goes up Pinnsylvanya avenoo out be th' thought that if they thry go higher. But I must flag his too-an' says he: "Th' announcemint he don't step out, he's pushed, an' down all, d'ye mind. It's something I think th' naygurs. They're too manny f'r followed by two millshy rigimnits, th' to set too long in th' chair they'll find

Company.)